

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

9d



WAR DOGS IN
THE TRENCHES.



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April 10, 1918

success was reported on the
2 General Marshall's forces
es beyond Ana—that is, 156
In seven days' fighting they
derful distance of 134 miles,
es practically cleared of the
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OF OUR CAMEL CORPS LINED
[Applied by C.N.]

at. The prisoners numbered

at, in the fulness of time, the
brief chronicle of the Great
the word Peace—that Peace
has been and must still be
visum. This journal has, as
ed by the German submarine,
per precludes its continuance
and the story breaks off, as
far as we are concerned,
at its most critical and
exciting moment. The
terrible drama of a
world's agony has many
acts to play, and none
can forecast the final
issue. But the cause of
the Allies, although it
trembles on the razor's
edge, holds many ele-
ments of hope. To de-
spair of its triumph were
to deny the existence of
Right and Justice. There-
fore, if we cannot yet
say, with Charles Reade's
Denis, "The Devil is
dead," there are signs
that he is at least in the
article of death, and the
honest French soldier's
unfailing "Courage, mes
seigneurs," is the proper watchword
as the watchword of Thomas
Malin. At that we leave it, as the
eye.

LONDON: APRIL 6, 1918.

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LONDON, W.C. 2—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1918.

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January 23, 1918

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January 23, 1918

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[Part 85]
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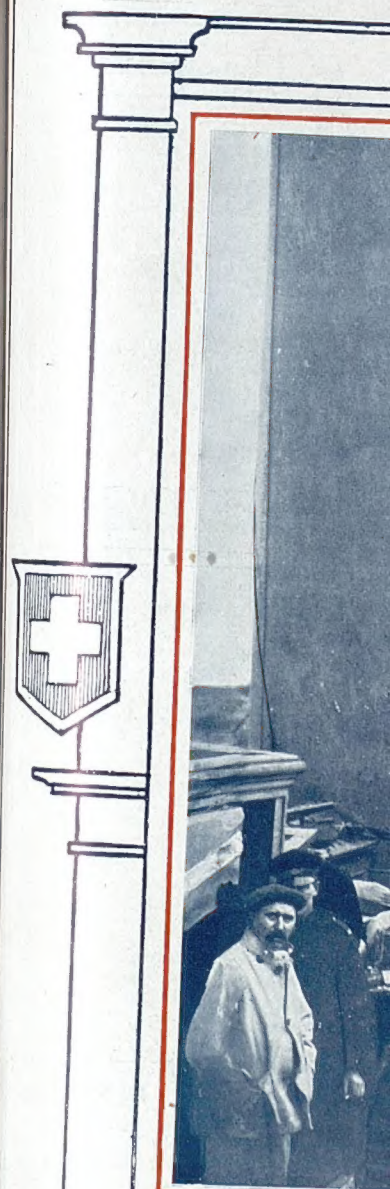
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THE WAR



The Illustrated War News



BRITISH LAVAMENTO ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: AN OPEN-AIR LAUNDRY.

British Official Photograph.

THE GREAT WAR.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES—BRUTE FORCE v. MORAL FORCE—BRITISH MAN-POWER—LONDON RATIONING—CAILLAUX—THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST—KARLSRUHE BOMBED.

DURING a week of which the military incidents could be summarised in a few lines, for the Arctic conditions on the European fronts continued to keep fighting in the field on a relatively quiet level, the political and social outlook proved more than ordinarily interesting. On the War of Machines a lull had fallen; the War of Moral Forces showed a steady increase of power. There were happenings at home and abroad which the future philosophical historian of this struggle will one day seize upon as vital factors of the stupendous drama, wherein, perhaps, he will be more

to meet the tempest. For good or ill, the voice of organised Labour becomes more insistent, Labour itself comes to a fuller self-consciousness, and shows signs of a stern determination to take the guidance of affairs. The recent message of British Labour to the nominal Government of Russia is a most significant sign of the times. No less significant is the curious perplexity of the enemy before the dialectic of the Russian peace negotiators. Brute force stands for the moment inactive in the presence of war by argument. It is the strangest surprise of a surprising age. A



WITH THE BRITISH IN ITALY: THE FUNERAL OF TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS.
Official Photograph.

concerned with the psychological than with the material elements. His theme will still be "Arms and the Man," as with the Mantuan of old; but it seems as if the Man would preponderate. For the destiny of the human race, now at stake, is being decided less by the crossing of bayonets than by the crossing of national wills. Daily it becomes clearer (although contemporary eyes can catch only a partial glimpse of the present world-movement) that the will of the masses gathers momentum. It is a thing distinct from the policy of official rulers everywhere, who are manifestly aware of the fact, and are trimming their sails to the breeze, if they are not already shortening sail

parallel on a smaller scale may be found in the perplexities of Mary Stuart's Court before the plain-dealing of Knox. Rooted in subtleties, the intriguers knew not what to do with a single-minded man. They could meet rogues on their own ground. Honesty was too much for them. Whether the Bolsheviks can endure to the end is still a problem. Their true character has yet to be proved. The interesting fact remains that armed German might received from their words a check and an embarrassment which Russian artillery failed to inflict. It is a move in the great game which will have far-reaching consequences. But these no man dare predict.

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MAN-POWER—LONDON
CARLSRUHE BOMBED.

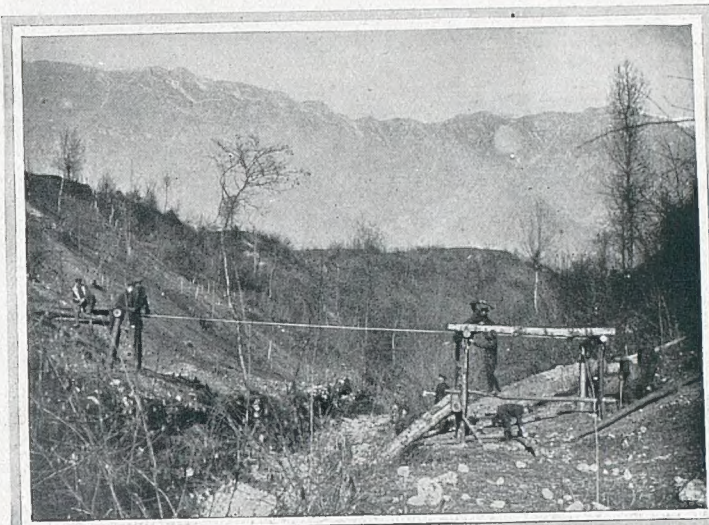
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SOLDIERS.

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Apart from the international situation, various urgent domestic problems occupied the Allies. The chief Parliamentary event was the speech of Sir Auckland Geddes on man-power. He made a successful first appearance in the House; his statements gave satisfaction, and he struck out at least one memorable phrase which found wide



WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY: ROYAL ENGINEERS BRIDGE-BUILDING.—[Official Photograph.]

quotation. Speaking of the younger munition workers, who threatened to strike if they were drafted to active military service, he warned them that, if they did so, they would meet "such a blast of hatred and contempt as would surprise them." The phrase had its uses, and those who might regard it as an irritant would do well to read it strictly in the light of Sir Auckland's plea for fairness to the men who ought not to be called up and those who have now more than earned relief from active service. The trouble of such vivid expressions is that, for their mere effectiveness, they are wrenched apart from their context and are liable to be misunderstood. The warning was the logical outcome of the Government's recruiting policy, which is to raise 450,000 men by the abolition of exemptions in certified occupations and by the withdrawal of occupational certificates. The age limit remains unchanged, compulsion will not be applied to Ireland, no soldier under nineteen is to be sent abroad.

Various developments in the question of Food Control fell also to be noted. A Rationing Scheme for London, to take effect on Feb. 25, if approved by the Local Food Committees, begins with butter

and margarine. Tea and meat may be rationed later, and the cards now to be issued will be used for the equal distribution of all controlled food-stuffs, as the successive orders take effect. Heavy-workers will have to make special application for a larger ration. There is a hint of coupons for use in restaurants. The counties affected by the scheme are Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Hertfordshire, and Essex. Emergency cards will be provided for travellers, soldiers on leave, and persons who have lost their cards. Existing regulations had not yet secured uniformity in certain prices, which during the week had again risen. New Orders fixing prices were in contemplation.

France produced a sensational event in the arrest, on Jan. 14, of M. Caillaux, who was committed to the common prison of the Santé on charges of conspiracy with the enemy. The information which led to the arrest was supplied to the French Government by Mr. Lansing, the American Secretary of State. It was alleged that the ex-Premier, when on a visit to South America at the close of 1915, had opened negotiations

with Germany, through the notorious Count Luxemburg, to secure an early peace at any price. The prosecution is in conformity with M. Clemenceau's declared policy, on taking office, to seek out and



WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY: BRITISH TROOPS ABOUT TO BEGIN THE DIGGING OF A TRENCH.—[Official Photograph.]

punish the traitors to France within her own gates. It is further alleged that incriminating documents have been found in Florence. These are said to relate to M. Caillaux's visit to Northern Italy, which occasioned much comment at the time.

In a period of brief reports, the areas of strictly local fighting, raids, patrol encounters, and artillery duels, on the Western front, were those around Armentières, Ypres, Messines and the Scarpe, Vimy Ridge, north of Lens, Méricourt, south-east of Lens, St. Julien, Hargicourt, and St. Quentin. North of Lens the Canadians made a dashing and successful raid at no cost to themselves. Air work was for several days suspended owing to the weather, but on Jan. 14 our squadrons made a daylight raid on Karlsruhe, heavily damaging railways and factories. The same night, Thionville and two junctions near Metz were visited. The previous day saw also much useful work over the enemy lines. On the 17th, save for successful Belgian artillery work at Dixmude, Ramscape, and a raid at Epehy, there was nothing to report. The

same day Bernsdorf was bombed by airmen. The French kept up a series of useful bombing raids in the Vosges. Artillery duels, rising to some intensity, took place at Beaumont and Caurières, in the Verdun region, where also a fierce enemy attack on the Bois le Chaume was broken up. At Badonvilliers, in Lorraine, a

enjoying a welcome respite. The French airmen seized every chance to beat up the enemy's quarters. The 17th was quiet, except for gun-fire south of St. Quentin and near Main de Massiges.

The Italians, after a fierce fight in three feet of snow, on Jan. 14 made progress north of Osteria il Lepre, and captured 292 prisoners. At Monte Solarolo they entered the enemy's trenches. On the Venetian lagoons a surprise extended the bridge-head east of Capo Sile, seized trenches, and

held them against counter-attacks. On the following day these gains were successfully maintained against fresh assaults of great and determined vigour. In this action the artillery, the 2nd Grenadiers, and the 7th Bersaglieri Cyclists were particularly distinguished. The enemy's positions were thickly strewn with his dead, and prisoners were taken in considerable

numbers. On the rest of the front there was nothing of special interest in the report of Jan. 17. The Italian resistance stiffens every hour, and, between the Allies and the deep snow, the Austro-German command is not finding its incursion into Italy the picnic it promised its troops when they struck for the northern plains. The situation again



BRITISH SOLDIERS VERSUS ITALIAN SOLDIERS AT FOOTBALL:
THE BRITISH SIDE ENTERING THE FIELD.—[Official Photograph.]



WITH THE BRITISH IN ITALY: THE BRITISH ELEVEN WHICH PLAYED FOOTBALL AGAINST AN ITALIAN TEAM.
Official Photograph.

raiding party took forty prisoners. But "nothing to report" was the usual order of the day in France and Flanders, where the troops are

became normal. Meanwhile, both Italian and British aviators were fully occupied, and brought down enemy machines.

LONDON: JAN. 19, 1918.

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ST AN ITALIAN TEAM.

le, both Italian and occupied, and brought LONDON: JAN. 19, 1918.

A "Personal" Side of the War: Creature Comforts.



WHEN THE GUNS ARE SILENT: BRITISH TROOPS TURNING AN INTERVAL TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

The hardships of active service are many and inevitable, but even in the very maelstrom of events, with the ever-present risks of disaster and death, there are intervals in which the troops can find time to indulge in the very real comfort of a cup of hot coffee, or, with an eye to the future, may set to work cutting up trunks of trees into logs for use on camp fires when occasion serves.

Our first photograph shows troops on the Western Front in France enjoying coffee at a Y.M.C.A. dug-out, and it may be not out of place to mention here the amount of kindly work that the Association has done for the troops since the outbreak of the war. The second photograph tells its own tale of foresight for such comfort and health as war conditions make possible.—[Official Photographs.]

A Real "Ole Bill" in the British Trenches.



AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE: "OLD BILL" AT THE PERISCOPE; SENDING UP A ROCKET.

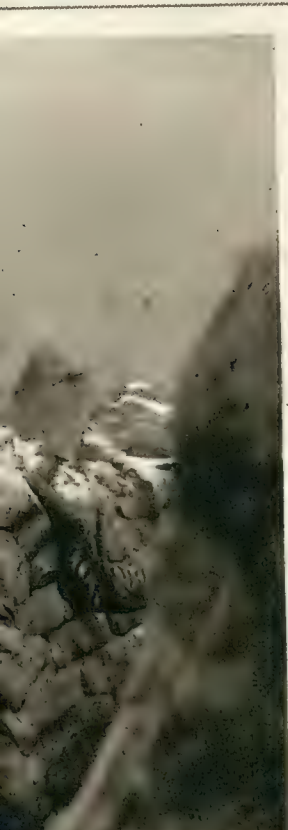
If we are correct in our reading of the note supplied with the upper photograph, there is a real "Old Bill" at the Front, and he is seen in it. The note says: "A scene in a front-line trench. While one of their party has a well-deserved rest behind them, the other two are on duty: the one nearest ('Old Bill') has got his watchful eye on the periscope on the top of the

trench." Whether he is the original of the famous Bairnsfather character, we cannot say. Probably there are many "Old Bills" in the Army, hardy and humorous veterans with a weather eye always open. The lower photograph shows the firing of a rocket from a British front-line trench as a signal to the artillery.—
[Official Photographs.]

LIFE

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ING UP A ROCKET.

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aph shows the firing of a rocket
as a signal to the artillery.—

"Brandy Trench" and a Shave at the front.



LIFE ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: SOUP IN "BRANDY TRENCH"; AN OFFICERS' DUG-OUT.

Many indications of the unconquerable humour of the British soldier, and his cheerfulness in discomfort and danger, can be observed in these two photographs taken recently on the Western Front. In the upper one may be seen a notice-board, just behind the soldier's head, inscribed "Brandy Trench." As to the origin of the name, history is silent, but the soldier in it has to be

content, at the moment, with soup, and, indeed, he does seem quite content with it. The lower photograph illustrates an early morning scene in an officers' dug-out in a front-line trench. If the quarters are somewhat cramped there is at any rate a stove to diffuse warmth, and a genial spirit of camaraderie evidently prevails among the six occupants.—[Official Photographs.]

War in the Snow: Winter Pictures from the Western front.



DAY AND NIGHT DUTIES ON THE FRONT IN FRANCE: FOOD-CARRIERS TO THE TROOPS; A SENTRY.

War takes no note of weather, except that it makes hard work harder and duty the more difficult to do. But our brave troops do not expect an impossible exemption from the scourge of winter winds and the sting of the season's storms. The one great effect of bad "seasonable" weather is to make the victualling of the troops more difficult; but the necessity of keeping our soldiers well

fed is cheerfully recognised, and our first photograph shows a supply being carried to the boys in the front-line trench. Our second picture almost suggests an Arctic explorer on a wintry sea, but represents in actuality a sentry in the front line. Despite the hard conditions in which his duty has to be done, his alertness and loyal devotion to his work are unmistakable.—[Official Photographs.]

Western front.



THE TROOPS; A SENTRY.

Our first photograph shows a supply trench. Our second photograph shows a sentry on a wintry sea, but in the front line. Despite the hard work, his alertness and vigilance are unmistakable.—[Official Photographs.]

Trench-foot—Its Prevention and Cure.



CARING FOR THE SOLDIER'S FEET: SAND-BAG BOOTS; A BATTALION M.O. ON HIS ROUNDS.

Trench-foot is one of the minor ills to which the soldier's flesh is heir—if, indeed, he regards it as a minor one, for it can be very painful and distressing. We call it "minor" only in comparison with serious wounds. Sometimes the feet go quite black and toes have to be amputated. As in all ailments, prevention is more important than cure, and every care is taken by the

medical service to deal with the trouble in time. As our upper photograph shows, men occasionally wear sand-bags over their boots, which not only keep their feet warm, but save them from slipping when walking along the frozen duck-boards. In the lower photograph, a medical officer is seen attending to cases of trench-foot in the front line.—[Official Photographs.]

“And if You Knows of a Better ‘ole——”



RECALLING THE EMBARKATION OF NOAH: AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF BILLET FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Every Bill, it might be said, varying the familiar proverb, has his billet, when he comes back from a spell in the trenches. It is not every Bill, however, who can boast of having such an uncommon kind of billet as that shown in our photographs, taken recently on the British front in France. That its new occupants appreciate its peculiar and distinctive qualities is evident from the

pleased expression on their faces. Certainly, it looks watertight, and had 'Ole Bill, of Bairnsfather fame, been one of the company assigned to it, he might justifiably have remarked, as elsewhere: "If you knows of a better 'ole, you go to it!" But what is it? Frankly, we give it up, for the official photographer is discreetly silent on the subject.—[Official Photographs.]

Jan. 23, 1918

Jan. 23, 1918

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 85
New Series]—11

"We're Waiting for the Boche . . . and We're Ready."



SCOTS AT THE FRONT: A LEWIS GUN IN ACTION; A MEAL IN THE FRONT LINE.

Since Glengarries gave place to steel helmets, it is not so easy to recognise Scottish troops, but regarding those seen in our photographs, we have the official photographer's word. The fighting spirit of the Scots is as fine as ever. "Yesterday," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs on January 23, "I met the Gordons in their billets. . . . 'What do you think of the prospects?' I ask. . . .

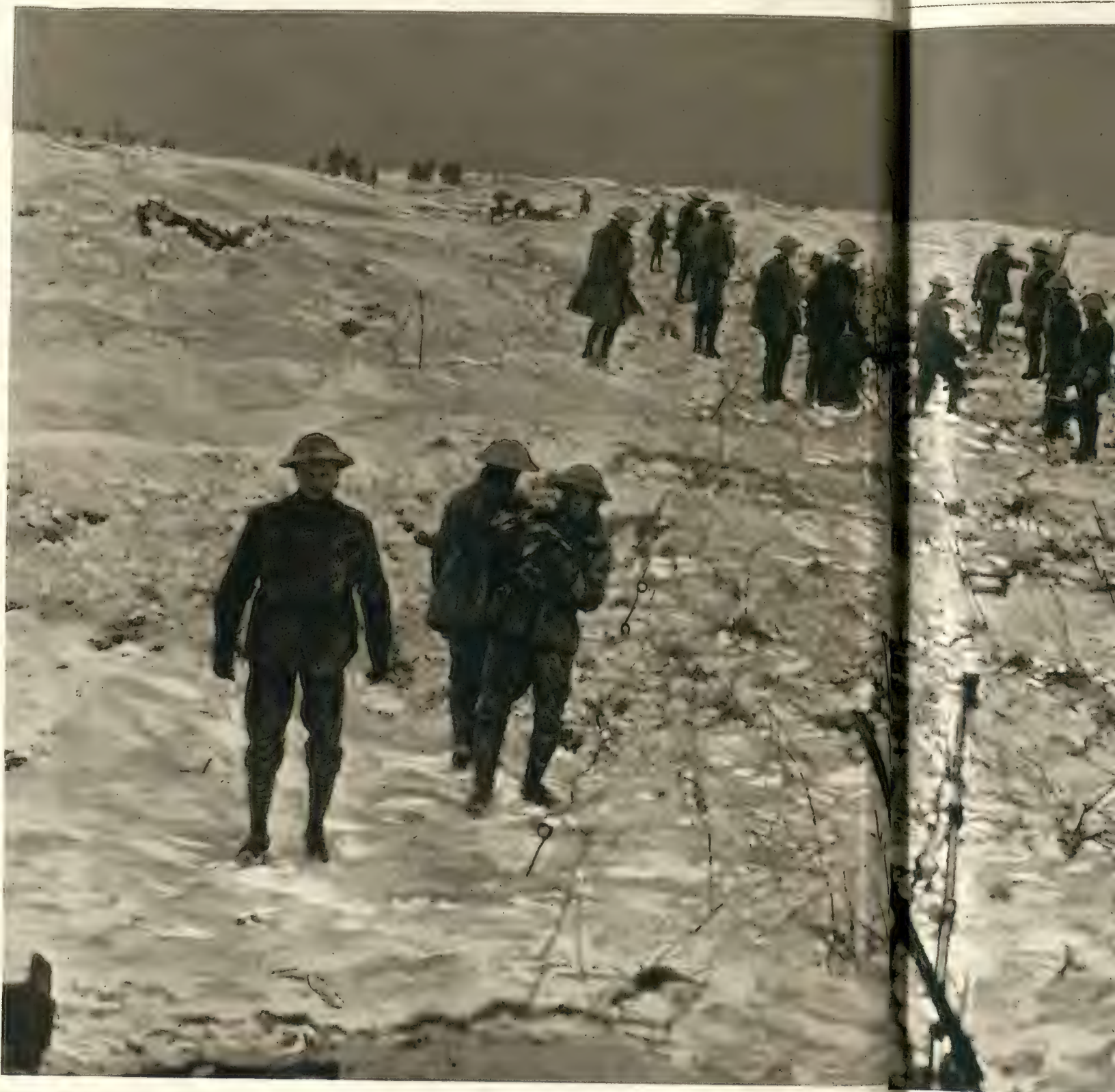
'We're waiting for the Boche to show his hand, and we're ready for him. It seems likely that he will try to break our lines, but if he could not do it before when he had ten to one, how can he hope to do it now, when it will be man for man and gun for gun? We shall hold him all right.' That is the faith of all our men."—[Official Photographs.]

FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.

ces. Certainly, it looks watertight, her fame, been one of the company ably have remarked, as elsewhere: ole, you go to it!" But what is for the official photographer is dis- [Official Photographs.]



Winter Precautions against "the Promise of Spring" fixing Barbed



STRENGTHENING OUR DEFENCES ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN FRANCE

On another page in this number we give two photographs of a wiring-party receiving instructions from their officer, and setting out from the trenches to perform their task. In the above illustration a wiring-party is seen actually at work on the British front fixing posts for entanglements. They are out in the open in daylight, so presumably the enemy is not very

A BRITISH WIRING-PARTY

close. Often the work of a wiring-party is very dangerous, for at any moment the enemy's posts were driven into the ground.

f Spring fixing Barbed Wire Entanglements in the Snow.



ONT IN FRANCE A BRITISH WIRING-PARTY AT WORK IN THE SNOW ON OPEN GROUND.

their officer, and
ly at work on
my is not very
close. Often the work of a wiring-party has to be done under cover of the dark in No Man's Land, when it is difficult and
dangerous, for at any moment a German star-shell may reveal their whereabouts and fire be opened upon them. Formerly the
posts were driven into the ground with muffled mallets, but now iron posts are used with screw-ends.—[Official Photograph.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXXV.—THE 79TH HIGHLANDERS.

THE SERGEANT AND THE TSAR.

OUTSIDE, it was snowing in thick, determined flakes, and the night was settling down in storm that bade fair to last till morning. The company in the inn-parlour drew closer to the fire, ordered fresh pipes, together with other comforts, and prepared to make the best of it. There could be no thought of anyone's taking the road again for many hours, perhaps days. The time was the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The long Peace had run for several years; but the memories of the Napoleonic wars were still fresh in men's thoughts, and chance companies such as this in the inn-parlour often met fellow-wayfarers who had good stories to tell of adventures in the great struggle.

"I see," said one traveller, laying down a week-old newspaper, "that the Tsar is dead."

"Ay," said a huge-built, soldierly-looking stranger, who had sat silent in the chimney-corner. "Ay ay, and so he's awa', is he? He was a pretty figure o' a man."

"Latterly," remarked another, "he came too much under the thumb of Metternich."



ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN ITALY—OUR FIRST PRISONER: AN AUSTRIAN INFANTRYMAN OF A LINE REGIMENT.—[Official Photograph.]

"He was a fine chiel, for a' that," continued the Scotsman, with rising spirit.

"You seem to take a personal interest in his late Majesty, Sergeant Campbell. How's that?"

"Well, ye see," continued the Sergeant, "there was a time when Alexander I. took an interest in me. A verra personal and particular interest," he added, with a twinkle.

"Now you've let yourself in for a story, Sergeant. You've been a listener all evening. It's your turn to fire away, after rousing the company's curiosity. Fill up your tumbler."

The Sergeant repaired his dram, took a long whiff at his pipe, and seemed to delve for a little in the memories of his campaigning days.

"Maybe," he began, "it will no seem so much after all in the tellin', but the fact remains that chance once threw me, the simple sergeant of the 79th, into contact wi' the Tsar o' All the Rooshias, and I wat he gaed throw me in style—that he did, honest man. But to mak' a long story short,

[Continued overleaf.]



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT—A CHRISTMAS EVE TROPHY: A GERMAN AEROPLANE AS IT CAME DOWN INTACT IN OUR LINES ON DECEMBER 24.—[Official Photograph.]



A WIRING-PART

Barbed-wire entanglements "corkscrewed" into the photographs of a British officer has described "At the front," he wrote than any other inanimates.

"How the Barbed Wire Gets There."



A WIRING-PARTY ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: THE START; AN OFFICER INSTRUCTING.

Barbed-wire entanglements are now usually fixed on iron posts "corkscrewed" into the ground, of the type shown in these photographs of a British wiring-party setting out for their task. An officer has described barbed wire as a kind of land octopus. "At the front," he writes, "we have learnt to loathe it more than any other inanimate object. . . . People at home probably

never realise how the barbed wire gets there in the first place. One day the commanding officer, on his way round the trenches, discovers, with the aid of his periscope, that the ground in front of your trench needs wiring. 'Send in an indent for some wire,' he says. 'You had better organise a wiring-party for the first cloudy night.' The operation is dangerous.—[Official Photographs.]

gentlemen, it was in the August following Waterloo that we were in Paris wi' the rest of the Allied Army. On the 24th July previous the Tsar had reviewed the whole force, and, it seemed, he had been greatly struck wi' the Highlanders' appearance. On Aug. 17 we heard more of it, for orders cam' for me mysel', wi' Private John Fraser and Piper Kenneth Mackay, all of the 79th, along with some chaps o' the Black Watch and the 92nd, to go to the Elysée Palace to be inspected by his Majesty, who was particularly anxious to examine our dress and equipments. There was nine of us a'thegither. Let me see. Besides us three of the 79th,

Emperor we were come. In about ten minutes in cam' the Emperor, wi' his two brothers, also Prince Blücher, Count Platoff, and various other celebrities. The Tsar began his inspection, and verra minute it was. Nothing seemed too small for his notice. He singled me out, as bein' the tallest man present, bade me step to the front, and told the rest to sit down. All the other nobility crowded round me, and you would a thocht I was some queer beast, the way they lookit at my kilt, my bonnet, my legs, an' a'. His Majesty thoombed me a' ower, and examined a' my appointments, one by one. He drew my sword and asked if I could perform any exercise with it. I told him I could not, and Lord Cathcart



WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN ITALY: OUR MEN BILLETED IN ONE OF THE HOUSES OF A TOWN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BATTLE-LINE.—[Official Photograph.]

there was Sergeant M'Grigor, Private Munro, and Piper M'Kenzie of the 42nd; Sergeant Grant, Private Logan, and Piper Cameron of the 92nd. Ye need not be told that we made ourselves as spang an' sprush as pipe-clay could mak' us, and, though I say it mysel', we were a gey presentable set o' birkies, I 'se warrant."

"Were any of them taller or broader than you, Sergeant Campbell?"

"No; I happened to be the biggest man on parade, so I cam' in for the most o' the speirin'. Weel, we marched to the Elysée, an' waitet half an hour. Syne down cam' Lord Cathcart's valet, wha led us up to the Grand Hall. Lord Cathcart was there. He spoke to me at once, and bade me take charge o' the party while he went to tell the

said that was a deficiency in the British Army he had never taken into consideration before. For we carried the sword, gentlemen, but were never taught to use it.

"The Tsar next examined my hose, gaiters, and legs. Then he pinched my skin, thinking I wore something under my skin. He then asked about Waterloo and Egypt, and if the kilt was cauld in winter, was I married, and were my parents alive. After that, we did the manual and platoon exercise, and the pipers played, to the Emperor's great delight. After refreshments and a piece of money each, we were dismissed. And that, gentlemen, is how I cam' to feel that in Alexander I. I had lost a friend."

MR. BEN TIL

While at the Brit will be noted, w visiting munition speeches (which w addresses he said British Allies and

A Popular Labour Leader at the front.



MR. BEN TILLET AMONG THE BRITISH TROOPS: AT YPRES; DRINKING COFFEE AT A Y.M.C.A. STALL.

While at the British front in France recently, Mr. Ben Tillett, it will be noted, wore a "tin hat." He has also recently been visiting munition works in and around Paris, making informal speeches (which were interpreted) to the workers. In one of these addresses he said that he brought greetings to France from the British Allies and workers. It was cheaper to make shells than

men, and modern warfare was a warfare not merely of brains and numbers, but of guns, shells, material, and transport. The workers must appreciate this fact and hurry up supplies. The more shells they sent, the fewer men would be necessary at the front, and the more men would return in safety, thanks to the shells, which were produced by the sweat of labour.—[British Official Photographs.]

Interesting Trophies on the British Western front.



CAPTURED GERMAN MACHINES OF VERY MODERN TYPES: AN AEROPLANE; AN ANTI-TANK GUN.

Aircraft and Tanks, and the special guns invented to counter them, are among the most modern phenomena of scientific warfare. Our photographs show interesting specimens recently taken from the Germans on the British front in the West. In the upper illustration is seen an enemy scouting aeroplane which had been brought down in the British lines, being carried away, shorn of

its wings, on a lorry trailer by men of the R.F.C. The lower photograph shows some New Zealanders examining a captured German anti-tank gun, which was mounted in an armour-plated turret half sunk in the soil, with a domed roof. The gun, seen protruding on the further side, could thus be fired horizontally just above the surface.—[British and New Zealand Official Photographs.]

ON THE

Our airmen entered the reported: "destroyed several bombs on January

An Austrian "Crashed" on our front in Italy.



ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN ITALY: AN ENEMY AEROPLANE THAT FELL IN FLAMES IN OUR LINES.

Our airmen in Italy have been very active ever since our forces entered the fighting-line. Thus, on January 2, General Plumer reported: "Splendid work is being done by our R.F.C., who have destroyed several enemy aircraft, and have successfully carried out several bombing-raids and long-distance reconnaissances"; and on January 8: "During the past week we have destroyed 8 enemy

machines and driven down 2 others out of control, losing only 1 machine ourselves. Several successful raids on enemy aerodromes have been carried out." Again, on the 16th, General Plumer stated: "During the past week our aeroplanes have destroyed 6 enemy machines and driven down others." On the occasion illustrated, the enemy machine fell in flames—[British Official Photo.]

TANK GUN.

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The gun, seen
horizontally just
Photographs.]



"What of the Night?"—A Last Look Round to



A RESPONSIBLE DUTY ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: THE ROUND AT NIGHT—AT

To many minds the tragic happenings at the Front, with their terrible death-rolls and lists of casualties, have a tendency to obscure the almost equally tragic nerve-strain to which officers are subjected by the inescapable sense of responsibility for the safety of others which is with them day and night. Our picturesque photograph from the Western Front, with its striking contrasts of

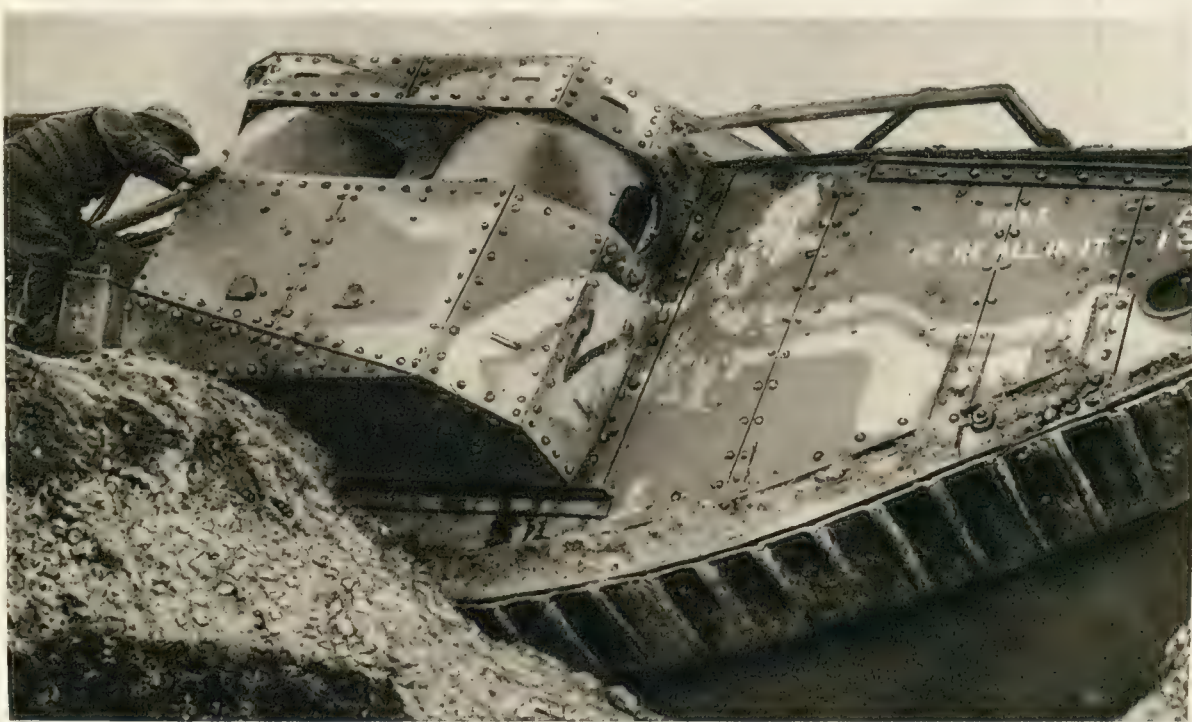
vivid light and deepest shadow, shows a soldier in the support line, before turning in for sleep, looking back at his Allies, but such pictures as this c

A Last Look Round to See if "All's Well."



FRONT: GO
THE ROUND AT NIGHT—AT A DUG-OUT IN A SUPPORT-LINE.
vivid light and deepest shadow, shows an officer going his round in France to make sure that all is well in a dug-out in a support line, before turning in for such rest as he may get. Those at home may feel how much they owe to our gallant army and its Allies, but such pictures as this compel them to visualise and understand what is being done for them beyond the sea.—[Official Photos.]

His Majesty's Land-Ship "We're All In It."

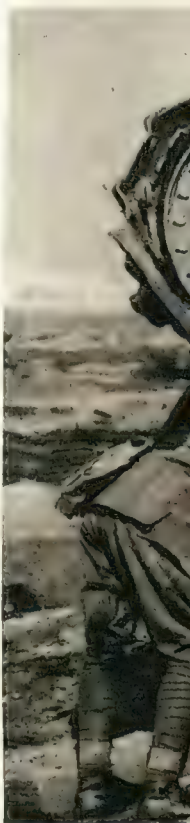


ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: A CORNER OF THE BATTLEFIELD; A TIRED TANK.

For some time the wintry weather imposed a comparative lull upon operations on the Western Front. "It is six weeks," wrote Mr. Philip Gibbs on January 13, "since the German counter-attacks at Cambrai, two months since our capture of Passchendaele, and the lines have been quiet since then under the heavy snow, except for bursts of gun-fire and night-raids, and that flame-assault

last week. Our men have been glad of this respite from fighting. . . . They are waiting now for the arena to be cleared of snow. For a few days they looked to the likelihood of some other kind of settlement, by statesmen rather than by soldiers; but now the enemy seems to want war instead of peace, and our men are ready to give him all he wants."—[Official Photographs.]

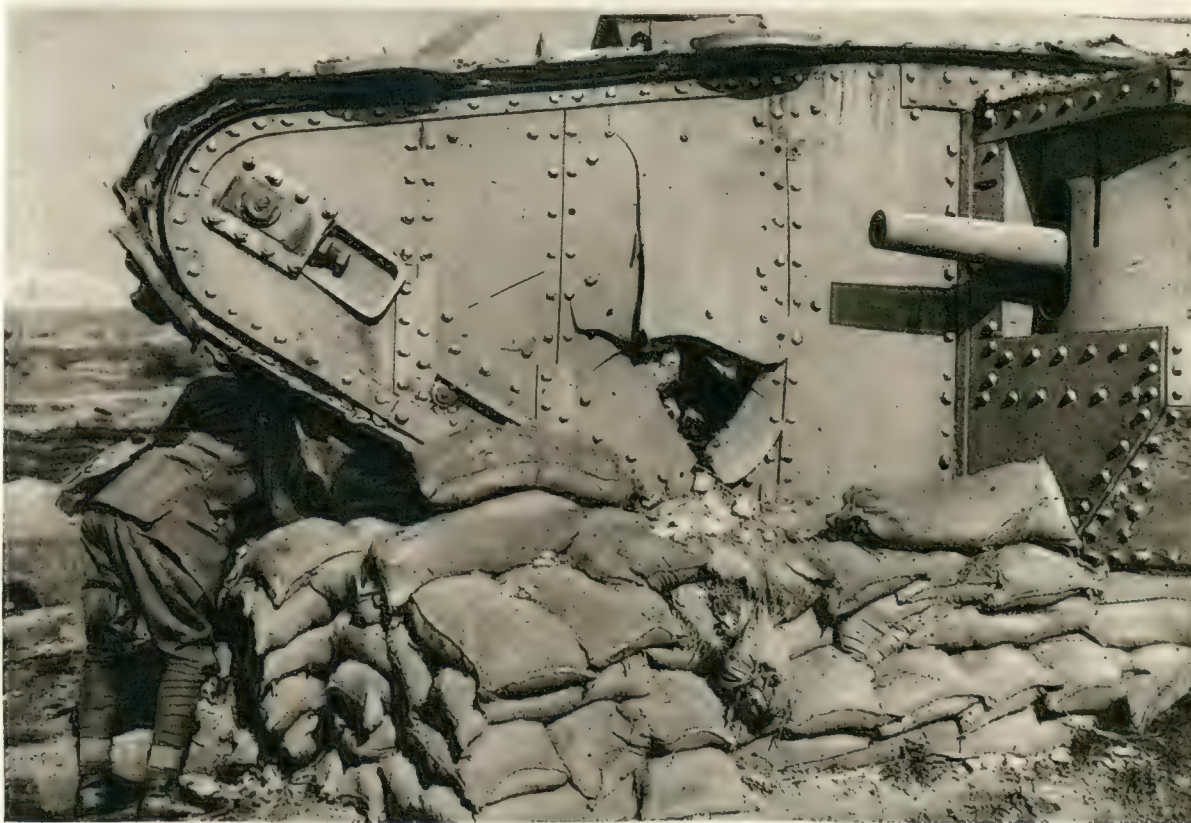
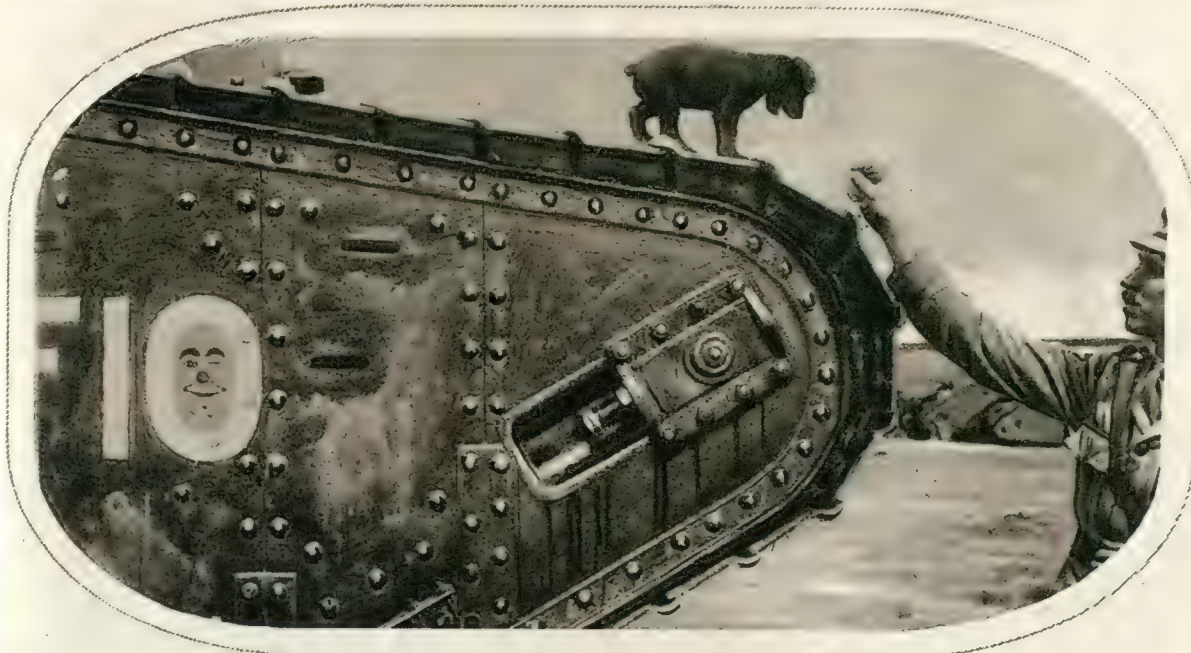
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On the side of the T depicted a caricature of the Tank Bank in are familiar to London puppy, in conversation in the lower photogra

George Robey on a Tank (not in Trafalgar Square).



"THESE NEW INSTRUMENTS PROVED THEIR WORTH": TANKS—A MASCOT; A DERELICT.

On the side of the Tank seen in the upper photograph has been depicted a caricature of Mr. George Robey, whose efforts on behalf of the Tank Bank in Trafalgar Square, and various war-charities, are familiar to Londoners. On the roof of the Tank is its mascot puppy, in conversation with an officer. The derelict Tank shown in the lower photograph has been utilised to form the roof of a

dug-out. The triumph of the Tanks in the Cambrai battle is now historic. Of their previous work last year Sir Douglas Haig says in his recently issued despatch: "Long before the conclusion of the Flanders offensive, these new instruments had proved their worth and amply justified the labour, material, and personnel diverted to their construction and development."—[Official Photos.]

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A Striking Group of Men and Munitions on Western Front



AN OBJECT-LESSON FROM FRANCE, WHERE OUR TROOPS ARE FIGHTING FOR THE EMPIRE: SOLDIERS AND THEIR MUNITIONS

There comes a time, now and then, when, listening to idle chatter of the pre-war type, it is impossible not to wonder whether the babblers have heard that there is a war in progress, with all its attendant sorrow and glory. It must certainly be a fact that they never "see" the war with their mind's eye. Little by little, however, this lamentable state of things is being

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stirred.—[Official Photographs.]

itions on the Western front in France: How Wars are Won.



FOR THE EMPIRE: SO

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OF THE MEN AND MATERIAL BY WHICH THE GREAT WAR IS BEING FOUGHT TO A FINISH.

amended. The picture we give here, taken on the British Western Front, shows a working party and a dump of shells, and so suggests and illustrates one phase of the war with clearness, even to those whose imagination has not in other ways been stirred.—[Official Photographs.]

THE NEW WARRIORS: XVI.—THE CLAN OF MUD.

PAUL tells me that his job is twenty-four hours a day, and mainly mud. He says that, as far as he can see, he is a B.A. in Mud. If there is ever a Chair of Mud at any of the European universities, he, by earthy flavour, will be the first choice. He is a pundit in soppy earth. He knows intimately all the really thorough muds from Oise to Nieuport, from the terrible stuff born of chalk and H.E. to Flanders—which is not mud, but a chronic evil. And he knows mud not by trench-boots and through one's food in dug-outs alone, but as a lifter and chucker-about of mud. Not only does he walk in it and eat it, as do the most noble of men; he digs it, conveys it, bags it, casts it, embanks it, metals it, controls it, and otherwise curbs its passion.

Paul was once K.C.—or, perhaps, almost so. Now he is L.C.—and L.C., as he insists, is mainly alluvial soil.

The L.C. was first anybody, generally "fatigues" hoicked out from infantry battalions, with R.E. men standing over them and telling them how badly they did their labouring. Then this war got a little bit topside, and some men were wanted for fighting. The infantry went back to do it, and the R.E. bunched together navy companies, and told them that, with plenty of R.E.'s to direct them, there was a chance of their reaching perfection some day. The war became rather larger, as some may have noticed, and the R.E.'s were wanted elsewhere to put up telephone wires, so the Navvies had to

carry on alone, changed themselves into a Labour Corps, enlisted every possible man from over-age to category B 2 to C 2, and from the Negro Isles (wherever they are) to the citizens of China, and became a small army in themselves.

Paul, over age, joined up to go to war. Since that moment he has been too busy to notice the war—he has been engaged in grappling with mud. His battalion is a pick-and-shovel warrior clan, though it has done other things. At one time, quite early in its offensive, they put it on a wharf, and it spent not inglorious days in lifting war material from railway-trucks into freight-sheds, and then wheeling this material from freight-sheds to ship-side, sling-ing and stowing the stuff aboard as fast as ships could come alongside and get away. They worked with Negro and Indian Labour Battalions beside them, but didn't have much time to reflect upon them, as the insatiable ships never ceased to push into place as soon as others cleared for sea.

Some bright brain decided, after many months, that they needed a rest, so they went inland for a spell, tore the vitals out of a series of gravel hills, and built an aerodrome upon that spot. A Brigadier saw their spade-work, and, liking the technique of it, had them off to France before they could knock the sand out

of their puttees. In France nobody knew about their spade-work, so they took shift and shift about with German prisoners at the Base port, unloading at express speed the ships they had

[Continued overleaf.]



A WESTERN FRONT ROAD WARNING TO PREVENT INJURY TO HORSES' FEET AND MOTOR-VEHICLE TYRES: "PICK UP EVERY NAIL."

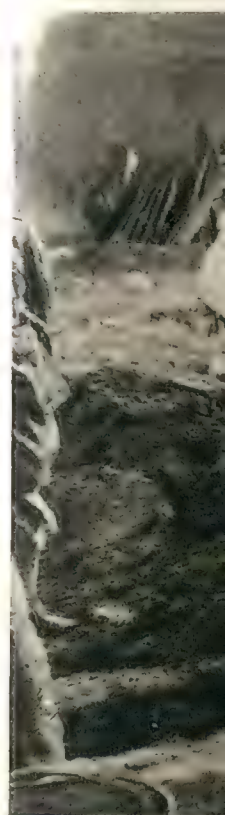
Along the roads, particularly where the roads traverse destroyed villages, labelled boxes are fixed up at places with the notice seen here.—[Official Photograph.]



WITH GENERAL ALLENBY'S MEN IN PALESTINE: THE WATER-SUPPLY STATION AT SOLOMON'S POOL.—[Official Photograph.]



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Very brave, as evidenced by the men of the New 2 Lieut.-Colonel G. King with military honours, and with affection in which he was reverent, simple, but true.

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New Zealand Officer's funeral on the Western front.



"PIKO NEI TE MATENGA": MAORI SOLDIERS SINGING AT THE GRAVE OF LIEUT.-COL. G. KING, D.S.O.

Very brave, as evidenced by the award of the D.S.O., and idolised by the men of the New Zealand forces of whom he was the leader, Lieut.-Colonel G. King was buried on the Western Front with full military honours, and with every token of the high regard and affection in which he was held. Our first photograph shows the reverent, simple, but touching service, conducted by a clergyman

who wore khaki under his surplice. In the second photograph Maori soldiers are seen at the graveside of their beloved leader, singing the hymn, "Piko Nei te Matenga," familiar to English congregations as "When our heads are bowed with woe." The devotion of the men to their leader was made manifest in most touching manner.—[New Zealand Government Official Photographs.]

Its job is all sorts of jobs, from digging under fire to picking up bits of paper in billets. It buries the dead, and collects the sound and broken bits that are scattered over the battlefields; it builds hutments at the base



Official Photograph.

A black and white photograph showing two men in winter clothing working in a snowy, urban environment. They are positioned near a large, dark, rectangular object, possibly a piece of machinery or a large container, which is partially buried in the snow. The background shows damaged buildings and debris, suggesting a post-war or conflict zone setting.

ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT—INSIDE A CHURCH DESTROYED
BY ENEMY SHELLS: PICKAXE-ING THE SNOW WHERE THE ALTAR-
RAILS STOOD.—[Official Photograph.]

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



ON THE BRITISH

Light railways play an ever increasing part in the preparation of an attack. As the "Times," "who has no doubts about the Western Front campaign," says, "the labour has to be done in a comparatively short time and stores before a

A Battlefield Light Railway in Winter.



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT IN FRANCE: A WORKING-PARTY ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.

Light railways play an ever-increasing part in modern war, especially in the preparation of an offensive. "Nobody," says a writer in the "Times," "who has not witnessed the preliminaries of a battle on the Western Front can realise what an enormous amount of labour has to be done in accumulating immense supplies of ammunition and stores before a move forward can be made. Incredible

masses of shell have to be dumped at the artillery stations, and all the heavy plant and material for repairing roads and building light railways is piled up, so that the guns can be pushed on as rapidly as possible behind the advancing infantry." Light railways are used, not only for transporting guns, ammunition, and material, but also for bringing back the wounded.—[Official Photograph.]

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GLAS NEWTON.

A Pantomime Rehearsal on the Western front.



"DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO": THE PRINCE AND CINDERELLA AT REHEARSAL.

There is classic authority for the belief that it is pleasant at times to forget the graver side of life and indulge in recreation, even in circumstances that in themselves are scarcely propitious. For that reason, our two photographs are of a very heartening nature, for they afford further evidence, if such were needed, that our men at the Front keep up their spirits and join with zest in such

timely diversions as amateur acting. Photograph No. 1 shows the Prince and Cinderella rehearsing their parts, obviously with a keen enjoyment of the situation. The second picture is a scene in the general rehearsal. The sense of drama is very acute in many of our troops, and nothing pleases them more than to take part in theatricals "behind the lines."—[Official Photographs.]

REMINISCENT

Despite the prevalence of old customs and old traditions on the Western front, diversions, a humorous that always-popular C troops. Our first pho

front.



REHEARSAL.

Photograph No. 1 shows their parts, obviously with a second picture is a scene of drama is very acute in them more than to take —[Official Photographs.]

A Pantomime Rehearsal on the Western front.



REMINISCENT OF "THE LANE" ON BOXING NIGHT: "THE UGLY SISTERS" AND CINDERELLA.

Despite the prevalence of "war's alarms," even at Christmastide, old customs and old amusements were not forgotten by our brave troops on the Western Front, where, among other seasonable diversions, a humorous and clever war-version of "Cinderella"—that always-popular Christmas heroine—was given by some of our troops. Our first photograph is of the two Ugly Sisters rehearsing,

on a stage donkey, and we may pay the performers a real compliment by assuring them that their presentment of the popular pair is irresistibly reminiscent of those never-forgotten favourites at "The Lane," Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. In the second photograph an officer is shown as a notably attractive Cinderella, an always popular heroine.—[Official Photographs.]

The Deliverer of Jerusalem in the Holy City.



WITH A "SON OF ANAK" AMONG HIS OFFICERS: GENERAL ALLENBY AND HIS STAFF IN JERUSALEM.

"I entered this city," said General Allenby in his memorable despatch from Jerusalem on December 11, "at noon to-day, with a few of my staff. . . . The procession was all on foot." Thus reverently and without ostentation, the deliverer of the Holy City made his entry—a striking contrast to the bombastic display of the Kaiser during his visit in 1898, of which contemporary

drawings appeared in the "Illustrated London News" for January 19. Of General Allenby's entry Mr. W. T. Massey writes: "The Commander-in-Chief and his small staff, a guard of less than 150 all told of Allied troops, a quiet ceremonial of the reading of a proclamation and of meeting the notables . . . and the official entry was over."—[Photo. by the American Colony in Jerusalem.]

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General Allenby Greeting the Notables of Jerusalem.



AFTER THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM: GENERAL ALLENBY RECEIVING NOTABLES AT THE BARRACKS.

Describing the entry into Jerusalem, Mr. W. T. Massey writes: "Re-forming, the procession moved up Zion Street to the barrack square, where General Allenby received the notables and heads of the religious communities. The Mayor and the Mufti were presented, the sheikhs in charge of the Mosques of Omar and Aksa, and Moslems belonging to the Khaldieh and Alamech families.

The Patriarchs of the Latin, Greek Orthodox, and Armenian Churches, and the Coptic Bishop, had been directed by the Turks to leave Jerusalem, but their representatives were introduced, as also the heads of the Jewish Committees, the Syrian Church, the Greek Catholic Church, the Abyssinian Bishop, and a representative of the Anglican Church."—[Photo. by the American Colony in Jerusalem.]

IN JERUSALEM.

News" for January 19. y writes: "The Com- of less than 150 all the reading of a pro- and the official entry Jerusalem.]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THE Imperial War Exhibition at Burlington House helps to emphasise the great and still growing share that women are taking in the war. From the purely feminine point of view, not the least interesting section of the show is that organised through the courtesy of the Ministry of Munitions, and illustrating the extent to which women are helping in the production of munitions of war. Aircraft exhibits prove that women can safely be trusted to undertake work on which the lives of our flying men depend. Parts of gun-mechanism help to show that the efficiency of the deadliest weapons is in no way impaired just because women happen to have had a hand in the making of them. Fuses, bombs, shells are other death-dealing implements which owe their existence to the efforts of feminine fingers; chemical glass-ware, optical munitions, and other things demonstrate that, when it comes to this particular type of war work, woman is as versatile—and as skilful—as she is willing to learn.

Much good ink will be used and quite an appreciable amount of work be added to the duties of post-office officials before all the letters of congratulation necessitated by the recent Honours List shall have reached their destinations. After having been severely left out in the cold

for so long, women may be excused if they feel a little bewildered—and amused—at the overwhelming array of feminine “officers,” to say

nothing of higher officials, admitted the other day to the new and most excellent Order of the British Empire. The awards are nothing if not varied. The “lady clerk” in a Government office is in the same boat as the head of the bacon distribution department, and the joint head of the Women’s Service Section in the Ministry of Food, and the wife of an eminent General. If the award of honours continues as it has begun, and the war goes on long enough, there will be no “disappointments” in the ranks of the women who work for the war.

Mrs. Jessie Mair, who is now entitled to the letters O.B.E. after her name, has earned the honour by thinking out a scheme for distributing the bacon that everyone wants, but so few are able to get or afford. To Lady Plumer the Aldwych Hut for Overseas and other members of

his Majesty’s forces owes much, if not all, of its success. Mrs. Constance D. E. Peel has done more than any other Englishwoman to raise the

business of house and home keeping to the level of a science, and incidentally to inculcate in the minds of housewives those principles of thrift and good management that are now reckoned high among the virtues. Nor did she wait until the war began to do it. Her outspoken criticisms on

extravagant British methods of housekeeping and her suggestions for reform date from a long time prior to August 1914. That they fell to a great

[Continued overleaf.]



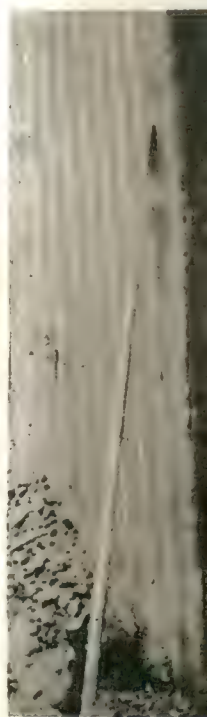
WOMEN WORKERS FOR THE BRITISH NAVY IN WAR-TIME: ROUGH WORK IN THE YARDS.
Official Photograph.



WOMEN WORKERS FOR THE BRITISH NAVY IN WAR-TIME: A HARD JOB, BUT WILLINGLY UNDERTAKEN.—[Official Photograph.]



Wom



PICTORIAL PROOF

In a notable passage in a largely American autobiography made by the Right Hon. was that “women must be more deeply involved in and employers alike are

Women-Workers in War-Time: Scenes in the North.



PICTORIAL PROOF OF THE AXIOM OF THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS: HARD WORK FOR WOMEN.

In a notable passage in his recent vigorous speech, made before a largely American audience, one of the most effective points made by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Minister of Munitions, was that "women must continually in these times of stress become more deeply involved in strenuous manual labour." That women and employers alike are fully alive to this growing necessity, and

responding to the call with alacrity, is shown by our photographs on this page. The first picture shows women and girls doing work in one of the great yards in the North, where, notably on the Clyde and at Newcastle, they are now largely employed in manual labour of an onerous description. The second shows a woman at a machine which extracts metal from rubbish.—[Official Photos.]

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[Continued overleaf.]

extent on unheeding ears is a misfortune; that she fills a position in which her special knowledge can be utilised for the benefit of the country is a real piece of luck for the nation.

Dame Katharine Furse, nothing if not practical, announces that five hostels for "Wren"

whether the authorities deliberately took into consideration women's proverbial fondness for "looking nice" when drawing up the dress regulations for the new service. Anyhow, I expect their decisions will have quite a far-reaching effect when it comes to actually recruiting for the new organisation.



WOMEN WORKING FOR THE BRITISH NAVY IN WAR-TIME: BUSILY ENGAGED IN ONE OF THE MACHINE-SHOPS.—[Official Photograph.]

recruits will shortly be opened. As she is not one to allow grass to grow under her feet, the thing may be an accomplished fact by the time these words appear in print. At the time of writing details of conditions of service are not obtainable, but women have at least had plenty of warning of the kind of clothes they will be expected to wear if they join the new body. They sound practical as well as becoming, so that none of the ten thousand or so women whose services are required will be called upon to sacrifice their personal vanity in the cause of patriotism.

Not everyone can aspire to the brass naval button-trimmed coat and skirt, with graded Patrick's blue rings to denote rank on the sleeves, that will distinguish the Director and her assistants. However, there is nothing about the petty officers' kit of pilot jacket and skirt with black buttons to offend the most fastidious taste; and there is no end to the ways in which a hat of stitched cloth can be made to look becoming, however uncompromising it appears at first sight. Coat-frocks of blue serge are already well-tryed friends, and the rank-and-file are really to be congratulated on the fate that assigns them such becoming clothes. One can't help wondering

women whose very enthusiasm for being useful has led to their undertaking work which other and less experienced women could do equally well if the necessity arose. But there is no fear of the Women's Naval Service being over-staffed. The Director has already expressed herself clearly on that point. It will



WOMEN WORKING FOR THE BRITISH NAVY IN WAR-TIME: ROUGH WORK IN THE YARDS.—[Official Photograph.]

be "run" by the "minimum of officers and women," so that is one anxiety off the mind of the taxpayer.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

YARMOUTH RETURNS —

ON Jan. 15, Yarmouth began at 10.55 firing of a sta craft (of what kind is not known) opened fire, and kept it up for about five minutes. Some twenty shells fell into the town. Six persons were killed, and ten injured. The material damage was slight. The citizens took the ordeal calmly; but they felt a little sore that the assailants seemed, as far as was known, to have escaped scot-free. The words of an ancient mariner, quoted by the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent, deserve to be handed down to posterity. This worthy, who, the correspondent says, "might have been Mr. Peggotty's brother," declared that "they were getting manured to it."

By this time they must have enjoyed it, he could not have the defenceless

Dr. Macnaughton's question in the Dec. 26 two s

THE GREAT WAR.

YARMOUTH AGAIN BOMBARDED—A CONVOY TORPEDOED—BETTER SUBMARINE RETURNS—THE RUSSIAN NEWS—MEDLEY—GERMAN DOMESTIC CONFLICTS—THE BALKANS AND PALESTINE—CHANGES AT G.H.Q.

ON Jan. 15, for the third time during the war, Yarmouth was bombarded. The attack began at 10.55 p.m., and was heralded by the firing of a star-shell. By its light, the enemy craft (of what kind is not known) opened fire, and kept it up for about five minutes. Some twenty shells fell into the town. Six persons were killed, and ten injured. The material damage was slight. The citizens took the ordeal calmly; but they felt a little sore that the assailants seemed, as far as was known, to have escaped scot-free. The words of an ancient mariner, quoted by the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent, deserve to be handed down to posterity. This worthy, who, the correspondent says, "might have been Mr. Peggotty's brother," declared that "they were getting manured to it."

By this time the shade of the immortal Charles must have enjoyed the malapropism, which even he could not have bettered. But he cannot relish the defenceless state of his chosen seaport.

Dr. Macnamara, replying on Jan. 16 to a question in the House, acknowledged that on Dec. 26 two ships were torpedoed. One was

sunk and the other damaged. The tonnage was about 5000. One vessel was new, the other dated from 1907. Dr. Macnamara further stated that the hospital-ship *Rewa* was not in waters

guaranteed safe by the enemy. The agreement related only to the Mediterranean. It is a humiliating pill for British Naval prestige that we should have to submit to these insolent and inhumane German prescriptions in respect of vessels which ought, on the very lowest terms of warfare, to be immune. But until the hoarded naval might of Britain is allowed to strike with full weight, the case is parlous. Meanwhile, the reconstruction at the Admiralty proceeds apace, and the public wait patiently for results. The submarine returns for the week ending Jan. 12 were at least more

encouraging. From 18 large ships sunk, the number had dropped to 6 in the tables, and of these 2 belonged to earlier dates. Smaller ships, 2, as against 3, and of these 1 did not belong to the week in question. Fishing vessels, 2, as against 4; 1 being an earlier sinking. The four weeks' curve in larger vessels is indicated

[Continued on page 40.]



THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM: BRITISH TROOPS MARCHING INTO THE CITY, TO LINE THE STREETS.—[Photograph by the American Colony, Jerusalem.]

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CLAUDINE CLEVE.



Cavalry and a Tank: Old and New Methods of War Used by



THE SHARE OF THE CAVALRY IN BRITISH OPERATIONS ON THE WESTERN

The cavalry, it will be recalled, came into their own for a time at the beginning of the British attack near Cambrai, when the Tanks cleared the way by a surprise onset, and the mounted men poured through the breach in the German lines to pursue the enemy. The cavalry had fewer chances in the previous operations of last year. Sir Douglas Haig says in his

FRONT: MOUNTED TROOPS
recently published despatch: "be made of bodies of mounted were offered them, and at M

Old and New Methods of War Used by the British Army in France.



BRITISH OPERATIONS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MOUNTED TROOPS ON THE MOVE, WITH A TANK IN THE DISTANCE.

of the British attack near Cambrai, when through the breach in the German lines to of last year. Sir Douglas Haig says in his

recently published despatch: "During the first days of the Battle of Arras the depth of our advance enabled a limited use to be made of bodies of mounted troops. The cavalry showed much promptness and resource in utilising such opportunities as were offered them, and at Monchy-le-Preux, in particular, performed most valuable service."—[Official Photograph.]

by the figures 11, 18, 18, 6, which if reasonably maintained, will mean a substantial drop in the average, and will afford strong presumption of successful defensive measures.

In Russian affairs a notable incident was the declaration of independence by Turkestan. The Brest-Litovsk Conference went its sensational way, producing every day some new turn of the unexpected. On the 15th, the news was of a German political crisis, and the leading Socialist organ hinted at a sudden change in domestic and foreign policy. Both Kuhlmann and Hertling were said to be tottering to a fall, on the question of their peace policy. The Pan-Germans showed an increasing hostility to the negotiations, and were believed to be aiming at their total destruction. But these reports were subject to many limitations, and it was more than doubtful if the real sense of the proposed terms was understood outside the circle most intimately concerned. The Russians alleged that everything made public was manipulated in case any particulars might excite popular feeling in Germany. A Bolshevik ultimatum to Roumania, and the alleged arrest of the Roumanian Minister, placed that party in a less favourable light, if the story was true; but amid the cloud of dubious information, no clear judgment was possible. Lenin was said to have been fired at in Petrograd, and a German rumour had it that that leader would shortly resign, and

be succeeded by Trotsky. The German Crown Prince was credited with extraordinary influence in Berlin, and the war-party with a readiness to sacrifice the Kaiser, who has never seen eye to eye with his son.

The Balkan reports still spoke of artillery activity in the Monastir region; but there was no word of further developments in that quarter. Allied aviators had dropped bombs on the rail-

way from Seres to Drama, and on enemy bases at Demi-Hissar and Alchar.

Air-raids took place also on the Palestine front, despite unfavourable weather. The points attacked were an enemy aerodrome at Jenin, 30 miles south-east of Haifa, and the Amman Station of the Hedjaz railway, 47 miles north-east of Jerusalem. Nearer Jerusalem brisk patrol work was carried out at Bireh, Mar Saba, Jeba, and Mukhmas. At Mukhmas an enemy post was raided, the village cleared and prisoners taken. On the coast there was similar patrol activity at Mezeirah, 16½ miles north-east of Jaffa, and

Arsuf, 10½ miles north of that port.

It was reported recently that Sir Douglas Haig was making drastic changes at General Headquarters. "It is a matter of common knowledge," said the *Times* a day or two ago, "that his new Chief of Staff is Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Lawrence, a son of the first Lord Lawrence, and (like Sir Douglas Haig himself) an old 17th Lancer."

LONDON: JAN. 19, 1918.



THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM: ITALIAN TROOPS MARCHING PAST INDIAN TROOPS OUTSIDE THE JAFFA GATE AFTER THE READING OF THE PROCLAMATION.

Photograph by the American Colony, Jerusalem.

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TELEGRAPH